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THE SLAVE-TRADE AS IT NOW IS.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE slave-trade! How often do we hear the name, and yet how little is really known about it. The general opinion is that, since the American war has ceased, slavery has become almost a thing of the past; whereas America, vast as that territory is, absorbed little more than a tenth of the thousands of slaves yearly shipped from the African coast.

Many years ago, a treaty was entered into between this country and Portugal for the abolishing of slavery. Now, whether the Portuguese were at the time sincere in their offers of assistance or not, they certainly have not acted up to their profession, but have managed not only to let all the burden and expense fall on British shoulders, but even, in every sly way possible, to assist in the embarkation and sale of slaves, and quietly pocket the profits. Another and very important portion of the treaty was that which concerned the Sultan of Zanzibar. This Arab potentate is, of all African monarchs, the greatest—his territory stretching along the principal portion of the eastern shores of Central Africa. He it was that always did, and does, make the greatest amount of profit by the sale of human flesh; and it was considered a great stroke of policy to get so great a king to join the raid against slavery. The sultan had various reasons for agreeing to the wishes of the English; not the least of which was fear of making a great enemy, and a wish to make a powerful ally, who might—and, indeed, on more than one occasion did—defend him. His brother, a great, though rather poor king, whose territory is washed by the Red Sea waves, not many years ago, under pretext that his father's will had been mis-administered, prepared a great fleet of battle-dhows, and sailed against Said Maja of Zanzibar. Her British Majesty's cruisers about the coast got notice of the warlike movement, intercepted the fleet, and led back the expedition literally by the nose. So far, the sultan had gained by his acquiescence in the treaty. But

his gains did not end here; for there is one portion of the treaty that permits the sultan 'to traffic in household slaves'—that is, to convey any number of his slave subjects, by sea or land, from any one part of his dominions to another; and this the wily potentate takes advantage of to fill his coffers, for any slave-merchant, on payment of a bribe, can obtain papers that shall protect him from all the British cruisers that float. It is needless to say that many a slaver takes advantage of the generosity of his Mightiness the Sultan; and that, consequently, most of our boats' crews return from boarding a dhow with their forefingers expressively in their mouths.

The east coast of Africa is the particular resort of the slaver. This is a station which is for the most part well liked by both officers and men of our navy. It is not very unhealthy, and the chance of prize-money is an additional inducement. This latter, however, is by no means very fairly divided, or rather the division is sometimes carried too far; for instance, every flag-ship has its tender, which little vessel is sent up the Mozambique to cruise by herself, while the flag-ship is enjoying herself, as only a flag-ship can, at peace and in comfort in Simon's Bay; the eighty or ninety brave fellows in the tender have to rough it, for many months, under the burning sun of the torrid zone; yet their hard-earned prize-money is divided with the admiral, officers, and crew—probably nearly a thousand men—of the flag-ship, so that the poor tender's share becomes indeed an ultimate molecule. In fact, the tender is the pilot-fish; the flag-ship, the shark.

The class of vessels that are usually put in commission for slaver-hunting are of the most Liliputian dimensions, and generally to be found in the *Navy List* under such names as *Spitfire*, *Spunkie*, *Weasel*, or *Wasp*. They are commanded either by an old lieutenant or young commander, and carry from five to ten guns, an assistant-surgeon, and nine times the usual amount of quinine. On leaving England, the little cruiser, after eating turtle for a day or two at Madeira, taking on board cockroaches at St Helena, and coals at the rock of Ascension,

arrives at Simon's Bay, and reports herself to the admiral, or senior officer, who, after inspecting her, orders her off, under sealed orders, to the east coast. A few days after rounding the Cape of Good Hope—justly celebrated for stormy winds, mountain waves, thunder and lightning, and the Flying Dutchman—if anything of a good sea-vessel, she will have arrived at the southernmost point of the slaving-ground, Delagoa Bay. Although the town, or rather village of Delagoa consists only of a few straggling houses, built on the sand, the consul's mansion, and a tumble-down fort, the guns of which the few half-starved-looking Portuguese soldiers carefully refrain from firing, as the report would be instantly followed by the bursting of the same, and the total demolition of the sustaining structure, still the country all around is very beautiful—undulating hill and dale, covered with trees of every shape and hue. Here the commander of the cruiser will call on, and dine with, the Portuguese consul, and endeavour to elicit some information regarding the doings of the slavers, or the whereabouts of the slave-dhows; but if he be not very green, he will doubt the one-half of what he hears, and utterly discredit the other, for ten to one the affable consul makes a good part of his bread and butter, and the whole of his chilies and claret, from the proceeds of slavery.

Along the coast, northward creeps the wicked-looking cruiser, examining the mouth of many a river, peeping into many a creek and wooded bay, but making short stay everywhere, for the main work of the cruise does not commence until the vessel has visited Zanzibar. Here the new cruiser takes on board an interpreter—a gentleman who leads a by no means very enviable existence, being often suspected on board, and in danger, while off duty, of being sacrificed to the fury of his countrymen.

If the reader will glance at the map, just six degrees south of the line, and not very far from the mainland of Africa, he will perceive an island, that of Zanzibar, on which stands the town of the same name. Topographically speaking, this is one of the most beautiful and fertile islands in the world. It is about seventy miles in circumference, and although as level as a bowling-green, you never seem to miss the hills. The sky for nine months of the year is clear and cloudless, yet, save in the town, the heat is seldom or never oppressive. For miles on miles, in either direction, you may walk or ride through what can only be described as one delightful garden, wide, and wild, and lovely. Every human sense is ministered to. The air you breathe is balmy and pure, and laden with the delicious scent of orange and citron blossoms. At one moment you pick your steps through a field of golden pine-apples, with here and there the cocoa-nut tree rearing aloft its feathery head, as if offering to the gods fruit too good for this world; next, you pause to admire whole groves of orange-trees, emerald-leaved, and dotted with gold or blood-red fruit; or bow your head as you pass beneath a wide spreading tree, not unlike our English plane, each branch of which is bent to the earth with its thousands of cherry-checked mangoes. The guava proudly bears its hardy fruit aloft; limes and citrons seem ready to drop from the parent branches; and the green waving banana bows its tender stem towards you,

as if praying to be freed from its too delicious load. Fill those orchidaceous woods with bright-winged birds, flitting silently in the sunlight from bough to bough; clothe the earth with beautiful-petaled flowers; fill the air with the music of myriads of lovely insects; and people the bushes, that cluster in every glade, with rustling lizards, gliding serpents, the prowling wild-cat, the mongoose and nimble monkey, and you will have a good idea of 'the bush' of Zanzibar.

Looked at from the sea, Zanzibar, like most Mohammedan towns, has a very imposing appearance, the principal large warehouses and dwelling-houses being built along the sea-shore. The finest and noblest of these buildings is undoubtedly the palace of the sultan, with the blood-red flag of Mohammed waving proudly over the battlements. Other flags, too, may be seen fluttering in the breeze; among which are the English, American, French, and German, each hoisted above its respective consulate. Most of the warehouses and dwelling-houses that border the sea belong to rich Arabs, Parsees, or Hindus; but every naval nation in the world shares in the commerce. Seaward, the island is flanked by many a little islet, each with its silvery coral beach and green lagoon, telling prettily against the dark blue of the sky, or sapphire hue of the Indian Sea. In and out, between these little islands and many a dangerous shoal, creep cautiously the vessels, to or from the bay that does duty as harbour in front of the town. This bay is generally crowded with ships, and always with dhows, landing their hundreds of slaves, day after day, under the very bows of British cruisers—for why? can they not shew the autograph of the king of slavery?

It would take too much space to describe the streets of Zanzibar; everything is as foreign, strange, and different from anything European as if it were a city in one of the planets. The streets are narrow and confined, and thronged from morning to night with Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, Yankees, British sailors, and slaves of every shade and shape; while the shops, or rather sheds, in which squat the merchants—the males smoking opium, and the females chewing it—seem to be filled with the most disgusting eatables and trashy wearables one can imagine; everything, from the smith working at his trade, with tools the most outlandish, to the gold-smelter or sword-manufacturer, gives you to understand that you are in the midst of a people primitive as the days of the Pharaohs. The children of the richer Arabs or Parsees are very pretty, and it is quite a delightful sight to witness seventy or a hundred of these in their schoolroom. This latter is simply a shed raised a few feet above the level of the street, and entirely exposed to view. The children, neatly dressed in flowing trousers and tight jackets of gaudily coloured silks, and all with long curling hair, and faces ever so pale, squat on the ground like so many fairy tailors, each with its book on its knee, and holding before its tiny face a camel's scapula (shoulder-bone), by way of slate; while the tall pedagogue, cane in hand, struts about, stepping over his pupils, like a Dorking cock among a flock of Bantam chicks, administering here a cuff, there a caution, and endeavouring by voice, and look, and gesture to concentrate their attention on the truths which he is vehemently expounding.

It is a severe punishment for one's olfactory to

visit the shark and fish market; the former of which are dried, and the latter broiled before being exposed for sale. But woe be to the unlucky nasal organ that enters the flesh-market! It seems one immense conglomeration of blue-bottle flies and bad smells. The blood from the unhappy cows, which falls into a hollow in the ground, is all devoured by these insects in ten minutes. However, they are the legitimate scavengers and sanitary officers of Zanzibar, and no doubt accomplish the end for which they were created.

But the most curious feature and characteristic of Zanzibar is its slave-market. There are generally two sales daily, at which many hundreds of unhappy wretches are bought and sold. Let us take a peep at this mart of human flesh and blood. Leaving, then, the busier portion of the town, you pass up a long and quieter street, where fruit-shops, tailors' and blacksmiths' stalls do most abound; passing by many a queer-looking mosque and ancient temple, you come at length to a short lane, which leads directly into the market. It is a large unpaved square, situated in the rear of the principal houses, its other three sides composed of shabby huts, some of which are used for examining any particular slave before making the purchase. The first sale is generally most crowded. The centre and largest portion of the square is filled with the slaves, who—their chains removed—are seated in rows on the ground; and although they have received a full meal of shark and rice, to cause them to look cheery, appear about as happy as a flock of sheep newly resuscitated after spending three weeks beneath the snow in a Highland glen. Walking about among these, looking in their mouths, digging their ribs, talking with and generally criticising them, is a band of the strangest, wildest, and withal most romantic-looking men I ever witnessed outside Drury Lane Theatre. They are for the most part Arabs—gentlemen Arabs, they style themselves—and the term is by no means often misapplied. Tall handsome fellows they are too, and of all colours, from the pale white face of the Persian, to that of the black and savage African. They are dressed in a flowing robe of white cotton, bound with scarlet or blue braid, reaching to the calf of the leg, and begirt with a beautiful broad belt richly gilt, and studded with gems. From this depends the straight Arab sword—a right deadly weapon in practised hands—and one or two silver-mounted pistols, besides a jewelled dagger or dirk. Over this dress is loosely and negligently worn a large flowing cloak of camel's hair, green, black, or brown, sometimes even yellow. The head is either shaven or the hair flows down to the waist in dark and glossy ringlets. The head is bound with a gilded turban, while sandals adorn his feet; and, grasping in his right hand a tall spear, and dangling on his left arm a small round shield, studded with silver nails, there, in all his pomp and pride, struts your—gentleman Arab.

Of these 'gentlemen,' most of whom have come from Araby the blest, and the rosy shores of Persia, many are decidedly good-looking. Old and young, they are for the most part well formed and strong, and would make very fine soldiers. Indeed, soldiers they are, although on their own account; and a strange eventful life they lead, with their hand against every man, and *vice versa*. Yet, although some of the oldest are venerable and

reverend-looking, reminding one of the pictures of the Patriarchs by Doré, still the majority are very Shylocks; and, if cunning lurks in one eye—and there is no mistake about it—the very devil gleams from under the white and bushy eyebrow of the other. They are for the most part captains and owners of northern dhows, and, although preferring peace, they are willing, for their cargo's sake, to fight to the death.

But the sale has commenced. Look at that brute—that black fiend in human shape, himself a slave once, but raised to the dignity of slave-driver, auctioneer, and skipper of a miserable dhow, because inherently cruel! Mark how he seizes you poor young trembling slave from her husband's side, and drags her by the arm swiftly through the crowd, catching the sound of the 'bids,' and repeating them in his own barbarous dialect as he rushes on. 'Two dollar and a half! Two dollar and a half! Three dollar! Three dollar! No more? Three dollar! Three and a half! Four! Four and a half!' And mark—without emotion, if you can—the pitying bewildered glance of her husband's eye as it follows his poor wife through the market. The *pelele* has been ruthlessly torn from her lip, and the rings from her ears, and she bows her head and weeps, as, with her disengaged hand, she modestly endeavours to cover her breast with the blue rag—her only clothing—which the hurrying wretch has disarranged. Her husband is thinking perhaps of their home far away in the quiet forest, and of the nut-brown maiden he wooed there not so long ago. But she is sold, and hurriedly dashed into the arms of the buyer; and another, and another, and still another are seized, to go through the same process. The husband and wife, and many husbands and wives, will see no more of each other, in this world at least; and young and old, male and female, are dragged about, and still the sale goes briskly on. The drivers or auctioneers—sturdy swarthy blacks, dressed, apparently, in guano-bags, with a short knife in the girdle, often in their hurry come into collision with each other; then dreadful oaths and imprecations are heard, blows are struck and blood shed, till the 'gentlemen Arabs' rush in, and, with the butts of their spears, belabour and separate the foamy-mouthed combatants. The slaves are now rapidly changing hands. Every Arab merchant is forming his own gang; chains are being slipped on again; and two and two, they stand prepared for the march. The din and bustle gradually subside, and soon the square is all but deserted. Buyers and the bought are for a time separated; and while the former are regaling themselves on fruit and sherbet, preparatory to dining in gorgeous rooms and gilded saloons, the latter are treated worse than sheep, and left to pass the night in loathsome dens, slimy with damp, and filled with such creeping abominations as a Zanzibar dungeon only can produce.

But there is one corner of the slave-market which deserves a little attention. This is an out-of-the-way nook, set apart—start not, dear civilised reader—for the exclusive disposal or vendition of the 'fairest of the fair.' 'O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?' is by no means the motto of a gentleman Arab; and because the number of ladies in his harem is the criterion of his rank, just as the number of horses or hounds may be of a 'fine old

English gentleman,' he takes care to possess himself of as many as he can decently maintain. I would not undertake to say how many wives the sultan possesses, but I believe they are not much fewer than those that were on the establishment of Solomon. To the corner of the market in question, flock the Arab dandies, those with the most richly jewelled sword-scabbards, the blackest eyes, and the greatest amount of attar of roses in their glossy ringlets. The maidens to be sold stand in a row, each one coyly twirling the end of her only garment—a few yards of bright-coloured silk, thrown gracefully around her; or probably digging holes in the dust with the big toe of her plump little foot. They are mostly half-caste Arabs, some of them both fair and pretty, although generally, to an English eye, partaking too much of the partridge to be killing. Their long hair is neatly braided or plaited, and allowed to hang over their round shoulders. Around each ankle is a massive gold band; a bracelet of beads on each wrist; the one bare arm bound with gold; rings or ivory peceles in the ears, and a little jewelled padlock fastened through the left wing of the nose, and reclining on the dimpled cheek; and there she stands, gentlemen readers, 'a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye'—a wife for twenty dollars. Thither strut the peacocks of Arab captains, gay young dhow-owners, and swaggering sword-loving Bedouins. They have many a smiling question, too, to ask of the fair slaves, which they have often to repeat, and even accompany with an encouraging 'chuck' below the chin, ere a simpering answer is elicited. The bidding sometimes rages fiercely over some of these coveted maidens; but although the buyers scowl and growl at each other, a quarrel seldom takes place, for the highest bidder gets the prize; and if there is any dispute, up goes the beloved lot again.

I do not know when, or how, the ceremony of marriage takes place between the buyer and his purchase, but part at least of the ceremony of leading home a bride to the palace I have beheld.

I was seated at an upper window in French Charlie's hotel, one day, when my attention was attracted by a strange noise in the street below. A tall black Arab came shouting along the street, carrying something like a pot; and as he appeared in a very excited condition, and cast many wild glances behind him, I judged he had gone suddenly mad, and escaped from the bosom of his family with the curry for dinner. But when opposite the hotel, he clapped down his instrument, which I now perceived to be a kettle-drum, in front of him, and belaboured it with such force, accompanied by such ringing shouts as spoke volumes for the strength of his heart and lungs. I had hardly recovered from my surprise, when further shouting in the drummer's rear caused me to lift up my eyes, just as he hastily snatched up his drum and fled along the street, as if pursued by a mad dog; while other revellers, to the number of twenty or thirty, came leaping and prancing after him like so many drunken dervishes. They were armed with swords, and shields, and spears. They ran swiftly on for a few paces, then suddenly stopping, engaged in a reel, which seemed compounded of Highland fling, Irish jig, and Indian war-dance, with a few choice shouts and piroettes, that only a Zanzibar savage could give. This was continued at intervals along the line of

march, for I now perceived I was gazing on a procession in honour of something or somebody. After these fanatics came a covey of decidedly old fogies. They were all dressed alike—namely, in a long queer-shaped, frogged surtout, buttoned up to the chin, and covering a white cotton night-shirt, which protruded at least six inches; and each one bore aloft a gaudily coloured umbrella. These they waved on high as they stopped to execute a very solemn jig. The business-like way in which those stiff old guys hobbled and wheeled, and leaped and frisked, was highly entertaining, and an incident that followed did not tend to put a more serious face on the performance; for who should come round the corner just then but a man-o-war's sailor—drunk, of course, it being his day on shore! He was in their midst at once.

'Hurroo!' he cried; 'by the powers o' St Patrick, go it, me boys. You and I, ould cockodamus;' and seizing one of the old gentlemen by both hands, he burst into the tune of *Lannigan's Ball*, and commenced such a caper as considerably astonished all who beheld it. Round and round span the ill-assorted couple, the sailor of course being the moving-power, tumbling three or four who got in the way, and at the last bar of the tune finishing with such a flourish, that, his head not being over-steady, Jack rolled on the ground, and 'Jill came tumbling after.'

Jack's life would have instantly been sacrificed, for two or three sturdy spearmen rushed upon him as soon as he fell, had not a rich Arab, who happened to be passing, interposed and saved him. On getting up, this kindly Arab led him off, telling him something, the only words of which I could catch being 'honour' and 'sultan.'

'Pepper and wounds!' cried the now disconsolate sailor. 'D'ye tell me so? Is it the sultan? Holy Moses! what'll become of me at all?' Then hauling out a flask of rum: 'Would his highness, think you? Might I make so bold?' But he was bundled off, and the procession continued, as if nothing had occurred to mar its triumphal progress.

So the fogies passed; and after them came a large chair, borne aloft by four fat perspiring slaves. The chair was beautifully gilded, and entirely screened from the vulgar gaze by scarlet cloth and white gauze; but looking at it narrowly—I fear impertinently—I perceived a small, small white hand clasping a corner of the curtain, as if to form a little peep-hole, and peer out with feminine curiosity at the world. I could stand no more, so I rang for the hotel-keeper.

'In the name of Mohammed, Charlie,' I cried, 'what does all this mean?'

'It is not mooch, sar,' was the reply: 'his highness the sultan'—and at the great name, the eyes, palms, and shoulders of French Charlie were turned skywards—'his highness is going to take unto heemself one oder leetle voman to be one wife. She now go home.'

He told me, moreover, that the 'leetle voman'—who, judging from her hand, could not be older than twelve or fourteen—had not, since she had been set apart—years ago—been allowed to leave her own room unveiled. He would have told me much more, but my attention was fixed on the strange procession. After the chair, there came dancing along the street one hundred of the prettiest and most interesting slave-girls I had

ever seen. They were in two rows, one at each side of the street, facing each other, and danced along in a species of angelic crab-walking, to the music of their own sweet voices. Each girl had two gilded bullocks' horns, which, all in time, they knocked together as they sang, now above their heads, and now below their knees; and, upon the whole, the performance was graceful enough to have pleased a Spanish grandee.

'Slaves can't all be unhappy,' thought I, for there was a smile on every lip, and every cheek was dimpled. After the dancing-girls came another lunatic drummer, then another batch of spear-slayers, then more umbrella-bearing fogies, then other two covered chairs, but no more little white hands. Lastly came a company of rough, brave-looking, Arab soldiers, with guns as long as decent-sized fishing-rods; and so the procession passed on, and disappeared.

GWENDOLINE'S HARVEST.

CHAPTER XI.—'I NEVER EVEN HEARD OF THE PEOPLE.'

It would be painful as well as unnecessary to dwell further upon poor Giulia's illness and distress of mind. Dr Gisborne came as soon as the message from Glen Druid reached him, which was as quickly as the man could get to St Medards; for that physician was not an ordinary country doctor, liable to be called hither and thither, and always away when wanted on an emergency, but only attended a few families, and that quite as much for his pleasure as his profit, notwithstanding that his gratuitous services were ever at the service of the poor. He had guessed from what he had gathered from the groom, that the crisis of Mrs Ferrier's fate must be at hand, and he made up his mind to face her husband's possible displeasure—for the doctor had had his doubts of the rectitude of his own silence—for having concealed from him his wife's state of health. His satisfaction was therefore considerable at finding, on his arrival, that his favourite Gwendoline had already smoothed that matter over for him, and taken the blame upon her own shoulders. She had made the confession with quiet frankness to Mr Ferrier himself, as they sat together watching Giulia, who, worn out with feverish excitement, had fallen into a short sleep, from which her husband was already drawing a favourable augury.

'How came that stupid woman to take it into her head that Giulia was so ill, I wonder?' said he, as much in soliloquy as in interrogation.

'I am afraid that was my fault, Mr Ferrier,' said Gwendoline softly. 'I was indiscreet enough to let her know that your sweet wife was in a very perilous state.'

'Perilous you mean, of course, as respects her condition?'

'Hush! no; I wish I did. Dr Gisborne informed me some time since that we could not hope to have her with us for many months.'

'Good God! Miss Treherne, what are you saying?'

'Alas, only the truth, Mr Ferrier.'

'And why, in Heaven's name, has this been kept a secret from me, whom it concerned the most?'

'For that very reason, dear Mr Ferrier. If anybody is to blame, blame me. Dr Gisborne was in

doubt as to whether he should tell you all or not, and I persuaded him to be silent. It is not as if you could possibly have anything to reproach yourself with. Another husband might have had moments of irritation or displeasure with his wife, for which, now that he saw her thus, his conscience would reproach him; but with you, who are all patience and indulgence, this, I knew, could never be the case. Moreover, your very love for her was such, I argued, that you could not have concealed from your darling the knowledge of the calamity that was overhanging her; and the disclosure would at once have produced the catastrophe which we see here, and which has, in fact, been brought about in the way I feared.'

The rare tears stood in Mr Ferrier's eyes as he gazed upon his fair young wife with that yearning love which we only feel when we perceive the certainty of its object being taken away from us; and the sigh he uttered seemed a farewell to all hope.

Gwendoline did not venture to breathe a word of pity; she did not even touch his arm with that slight pressure of the fingers which, in moments of sorest sorrow, may bring, if not the balm of sympathy, at least a moment's distraction of our thoughts, in the remembrance that a friend and well-wisher is by. She for once discarded the weapons of her charms, feeling that at such a time they would win her nothing, and finished what she had to say in calm collected tones, in which lay neither apology nor tenderness.

'I am sorry the course I thought it best to take has displeased you, dear Mr Ferrier, but I am not surprised. When misfortune comes, it always seems that we might have been better prepared to meet it. It only remains for me now to make amends, as far as in me lies, for my trespass against you, by devotion to our dear one.'

'Yes, yes; you will stay with us, Gwendoline, I know,' sighed the old man; 'you will not desert us in our hour of trial.' She knew that he was unaware he had called her by her Christian name, but his having done so gratified her, nevertheless, as did his other words, although they also were spoken half mechanically. The one convinced her how familiar to the mind of her host her presence had become; the other, how necessary she had made herself to him and his. She had not mentioned to him the second argument for silence which she had used with Dr Gisborne, because she foresaw that he—if only in gratitude for her having taken the blame upon herself—would certainly reveal it to Mr Ferrier; and so it presently happened.

In the long private talk that ensued, after the physician had seen his patient, between the husband and himself, the latter told the former that Gwendoline had begged him to keep Giulia's disease a secret, to save Mr Ferrier pain. 'Besides the risk of hastening the calamity—such were her very words—why make her good husband wretched before his time?'

'That was at least kind and thoughtful of her,' said Mr Ferrier; 'and I am sure I forgive her from my heart. She has been a sunbeam in this house for weeks, doctor; and now that all is gloom, she seems to shine the brighter.'

'And yet there are folks who say that she is cold-hearted,' said the physician indignantly, 'and only cares for fashion and frivolity. I happen to know that she might have been all this time in

town (and indeed Sir Guy pressed her to go thither), the idol of that world to which she is said to be devoted; but she told me that she felt her place to be here with her sick friend—as it will be, Mr Ferrier, I am certain, until the end.

And the end was not destined to be very far off. After giving premature birth to a little daughter, poor Giulia passed out of the world, for which she was so little suited, with a gentle smile. Her terrors had all departed, and with her last breath she whispered to her husband that she saw her dear Italy before her, and that she was going there after all. Her affection for Gwendoline seemed to have met with some sudden check, for she neither caressed nor addressed her. She gave no explanation of this change in her feelings, nor did Mr Ferrier, rapt in his great grief, observe it; and it was Gwendoline who ministered to her to the last, and whose arms raised little wondering Marion to the bedside to take her mother's farewell. In one particular only did Mr Ferrier shew himself not utterly overwhelmed with the fact of his bereavement—he was resolute in his determination to dismiss Susan Ramsay, at whose door he persisted in laying the catastrophe, or, at all events, the hastening of it; and with characteristic firmness, he paid her what was due to her with his own hands, and, as it happened, in Gwendoline's presence.

Susan, dissolved in genuine tears, had not a word to say in mitigation of her master's wrath; she was not thinking of herself at all, for indeed further service was no object to her, but only of her dead mistress and of her darling Marion, from whom it grieved her deeply to part.

'Is that your just due, woman?' inquired Mr Ferrier sternly, putting her money with the extra month's wage, in default of warning, into her hand.

'Yes, sir; and I thank you for all your kindness,' sobbed Susan. 'I have only one favour to ask you more—that I may see my dear dead mistress once before I go.'

'Never!' said Mr Ferrier vehemently. 'That shall be your punishment. She forgave you; and I, for—yes, I forgive you, and that is enough.'

'O sir,' cried Susan, 'anger should not last beyond the grave; and I did love her so; pray, let me.'

Mr Ferrier's iron face relaxed; her unexpected tears and tone were softening him.

'If my intervention may have any weight at all, dear Mr Ferrier,' said Gwendoline appealingly, 'I pray you, put it in the scale of mercy. I entreat you to let this faithful, if mistaken woman have her wish.'

Susan drew herself up quickly, and her black eyes flashed through her tears. 'I am speaking to my master, miss, and want no grace from you, nor never shall.'

'Excuse me, Miss Treherne,' said Mr Ferrier angrily, 'but I cannot suffer your unfailing kindness to be thus abused. Not another word, I beg.—And you, Susan, you insolent, coarse woman—whom I shall not stoop to tell how this honoured young lady has spoken on your behalf before—leave my house at once; and never darken its doors again.'

So Susan Ramsay, in disgrace, betook herself to St Medards, to dwell for the present with Mr Sam Barland's mother, not only until such time as the bans could be put up, and their little arrangements made for marriage, but for a considerable interval in addition, which Susan insisted upon,

as a mark of respect to the memory of that dear mistress of whom she had been so harshly forbidden to take farewell. And to this arrangement Mr Samuel Barland, who was a philosopher, as well as a man of science, unresistingly assented.

The news of the catastrophe at Glen Druid was carried, in black-bordered missives, to no numerous yet to widely different circles. To Miss Judith Ferrier, the widower's only sister, for instance, who had her habitation in her native Glasgow; and to Sir Guy Treherne, who had his lodgings over his club, on the shady side of Pall Mall. Also to the Honourable Piers Mostyn at Stonegate Hall, Yorkshire, whom it reached in rather a strange fashion.

The rest of the men who were staying in the house had gone hunting that morning, but he himself being more a squire of dames than a fox-hunter, was starting for a ride with two of the ladies, when the post arrived, and brought him a letter addressed in Gwendoline's hand. He had had no word from her—although she had promised to keep him acquainted with her movements—since that night of his dismissal from Bedivere Court; and he opened the envelope with enough of agitation to make the keen eyes that were silly watching him twinkle with merriment. Could Sir Guy be dead, and had she written, in her loneliness and poverty, to say that she would wed him, as he had pressed her to do? There was not a line of her handwriting within, but only two slips, cut out of a Cornish newspaper. '*On the 24th inst., at Glen Druid, the wife of Bruce Ferrier, Esq., of a daughter.*' And culled from the death-column of the same paper, the following: '*On the 25th inst., Giulia, the beloved wife of Bruce Ferrier, Esq., of Glen Druid.*'

Piers Mostyn muttered an oath beneath his breath. Confound the girl! What did she mean by sending him that sentimental rubbish, as though this dead woman had been her dearest friend? Of course she only did so as an excuse for her long silence; but she was foolish indeed if she supposed that such a subterfuge would impose upon him. 'The Ferriers of Glen Druid? Why, I never even heard of the people.'

THE RIPENING.

CHAPTER XII.—GWENDOLINE TELLS PAPA.

There is no occupation in which (to honest eyes) a young girl looks so attractive as when she is ministering to the happiness of children; and this is more especially the case when those children have no protectress of their own. Gwendoline, although retiring nightly to Bedivere Court, passed her days, as before, at Glen Druid, devoting herself to little Marion and the baby, with the former of whom, at least, she filled, and more than filled, the place of her dead mother; for the late Mrs Ferrier had not really possessed the stamina requisite for the performance of the duties of head of a family, far less of a great household; and the widowed husband, despite his grief, could not help observing how much more smoothly matters were ruled under the new dynasty, than when the 'exotic,' as poor Giulia had nicknamed herself, was mistress of his house. If it had not been for the children, Gwendoline would not, of course, have had the shadow of an excuse for revisiting the place after her friend's death; but their motherless condition

was for the present her warrant, while they themselves afforded always a subject of conversation with her host, and the means of escape from all embarrassment, if, indeed, she ever felt any.

A tranquil sigh or two over the fate of the bright flower which death had snatched from them; and a few words of eulogy, or modestly tendered counsel, regarding the small tenants of the nursery, were all that Gwendoline herself ventured to utter at their solitary meals; she initiated no other topic whatever; but after a time, Mr Ferrier began, as usual, to converse with her upon business matters, and with greater frankness than ever. In particular, he talked to her with perfect unreserve concerning his property, which she learned, without surprise, produced an income of nearly thirty thousand pounds a year. He was not by nature addicted to horse or carriage exercise; and since the neighbours had not been very congenial with his late wife, he had kept much at home, so that he had already been thrown into Gwendoline's society far more than is generally the case with host and guest of their respective ages; and now, when he was restricted by his recent calamity more than ever to his own roof and grounds, there was scarce an hour in the day that he passed out of the comforting sunshine of her presence. Nevertheless, Mr Ferrier could not rid himself of scruple with respect to Gwendoline's tarry at Glen Druid, so easily as she did. Respectability was an important part of his religion, and to outrage it, was in itself a species of blasphemy, in which, however pleasant, he could not permit himself to indulge. Moreover, there was Gwendoline's own reputation to be considered. Of course, the idea of anything unpleasant or malicious being said of her, had never entered into her innocent head: wrapped up in the memory of her dead friend, and in her devotion to those left, but for her own tender solicitude, to a hireling's care, she had never given a thought to what the world might say; it was therefore all the more incumbent upon him to lay before her, as delicately as he could, the true state of the case; a difficult duty enough, since, in the first place, it required rather tender handling; and in the second (although he did not know it), Gwendoline had fully made up her mind to misunderstand him. The arrival, however, of a letter from his sister at Glasgow, gave Mr Ferrier the long-looked-for, though scarcely long-desired, opportunity of unburdening his conscience upon this matter.

'My dear Miss Treherne,' said he, 'I have been thinking as to whether it would not be advisable to ask Judith to come and stay at Glen Druid.'

Gwendoline opened her large eyes, and with a smile, almost the first which she had yet ventured to wear, replied: 'I am most pleased to hear it, Mr Ferrier. It seems a pity you should be so long estranged from your only living relative; and, to say truth, I had always entertained an idea that there was not the cordial feeling between you—though I am sure the fault does not lie with one so kindly as yourself—which should always exist between brother and sister.'

'Nay; Judith is an excellent woman in her way, though she is somewhat narrow and prejudiced in her views. We always got on together very well—until of late years.'

'Is it possible, then, that she could find anything amiss with your poor lost darling?' said Gwendoline with innocent indignation.

'Not "amiss" exactly, for that, as you hint, would be impossible. But Judith has always lived in the north, and among her own people; she had a sort of horror, I fancy, of all foreigners, and disapproved altogether of my marriage.'

'You did not ask her leave, however, I suppose?' said Gwendoline, again smiling.

'No, indeed,' returned Mr Ferrier, with a flush upon his grave shrewd face. 'I have, throughout my life, been my own master in all respects. But my union with Giulia produced a coolness between myself and Judith. You, however, who have such tact, and—and—who make yourself so pleasant to everybody, would find no difficulty, I am sure, in getting on with my sister: she is a little stiff and formal, but she has really a good heart, and—and—'

'My dear Mr Ferrier,' interrupted Gwendoline quietly, 'you may be quite certain that I should do my best to be courteous and respectful to any one so nearly related to yourself as the lady in question. I could easily forgive her any such defects as you mention; and would very gladly submit, for your sake, to any wholesome reproof with which she might please to visit my unregenerate self. But what I can not forgive—and if I could, what I could not be able to forget, so that it must needs (I feel) influence my behaviour towards Miss Ferrier, in spite of myself—is her dislike of my sweet friend, your late beloved wife. I quite understand the course of training, and the social associations which may have caused your sister to regard Giulia as she did; it may not have been her fault at all, but only her misfortune, yet I cannot—indeed, I cannot—in justice to that dear memory, consent to treat as my friend the woman who so misjudged her.'

'I really don't know what is to be done, then,' said Mr Ferrier doubtfully. 'I was in hopes you might have contrived to get on with Judith; and I scarcely see, unless she comes here, how—I really think it would be advisable.'—He stammered and hesitated, and for the first time, to Gwendoline's eyes, his rugged features wore an appealing and almost tender look. She instantly perceived that his proposal to invite his sister was mainly suggested by the idea that she herself might not only retain her present position at Glen Druid without impropriety, but be more constantly there even than before; and her heart beat with triumph to learn it. Her tone, however, was quiet and cold enough, as she replied: 'I cannot understand your difficulty, my dear Mr Ferrier. There is surely no sort of reason why you should not invite your own sister to Glen Druid, especially now the innocent cause of her displeasure is no longer here.'

Mr Ferrier paused, and bit his lip. Gwendoline was purposely taking the course most calculated to make Judith intolerable to him: she had another shaft too in her quiver yet, and the time had come for her to let it fly. 'There is certainly one objection to Miss Ferrier's coming,' said she musingly, 'though it hardly becomes me to mention it, and I must ask you to forgive me the liberty, for the sake of the motive that prompts me to take it. Your darling Marion is growing of an age to understand the feelings as well as the mere spoken words of those about her; and it would cut your loving heart to the core, sir—for I leave my own purposely out of the question—if you should have cause to think that your daughter should be learning to

despise her mother. I know from Giulia's own lips that Miss Ferrier was wont to regard her at the best—as a papist and a foreigner—with pious horror. Do you think it certain she may not inspire the child with similar feelings? Marion has a most loving, but also a most impressionable nature; and, for my own part, I have done my best to guard it from receiving the thought of harm—the idea of contempt for anybody; but another and more strong-minded teacher might soon undo my poor lessons.'

'My dear Miss Treherne,' exclaimed Mr Ferrier, earnestly, and as he spoke he rose and took her hand in his, 'I can never forget your kindness to me and mine. It would indeed be a sad loss to all of us, all that are left, that is, and to my little ones in particular, should your kind face cease to shine upon us at Glen Druid. But, perhaps, if you were to consult Sir Guy upon the matter, he is so perfectly conversant with all that the best society exacts or expects'—

'Oh, I see!' ejaculated Gwendoline, with a low musical laugh. 'How very, very stupid you must have thought me, Mr Ferrier! I have, I now understand, been setting at defiance the opinion of the world, in being so much at Glen Druid. The fact is,' added she with a sadder air, 'my world has been limited of late to those two little ones above-stairs, and—and—to yourself, Mr Ferrier.'

'I know that well, my dear Miss Treherne,' said the old man with emotion; 'and Heaven knows how unwillingly I have performed my duty in thus drawing your attention to what, in itself most innocent and laudable, may yet possibly set in motion the tongue of vulgar scandal.'

'Vulgar scandal, my dear Mr Ferrier,' said Gwendoline haughtily, 'does not affect me very seriously, though I thank you for your warning, and appreciate it. I would bear far more, for the sake of you and yours, than the knowledge that the good people at St Medards have expressed an opinion adverse to my discretion. I could undergo the reserve of its banker's wife, and the cold-shoulder of its attorney's daughter, and yet survive.' It was impossible to conceive a more graceful shape of scorn than Gwendoline exhibited as she pronounced those words with a sweep of her stately arm, in the calm contempt of which it almost seemed that Mr Ferrier himself was included.

'It is very natural, my dear Miss Treherne,' said he hastily, 'that you, being what you are, should despise such people and their possible talk. I only hinted at the matter because I saw that it had never entered into your mind—as, indeed, why should it do so? But it really would be a relief to me—since I could never forgive myself if your devotion to my little ones should expose you to the shadow of an imputation—if you would lay the matter before Sir Guy as I have ventured to put it before yourself.'

'I will do that, my dear Mr Ferrier, and in person; for papa, whether influenced by the same motive as yourself I know not, has, in this very note, written me to say that he is shortly about to return home.'

'But why should he not come *here*, instead of to Bedivere Court?' pleaded Mr Ferrier. 'Why should you not both come here, and stay as before? It would be so kind of you to take pity on my loneliness; and—little Marion would be so pleased.'

And thus it happened that Sir Guy and his

daughter became once more located at Glen Druid, nominally as guests, but without any definite limit to the duration of their visit. Everything was made as pleasant for the old baronet as could be contrived. He had had his doubts about coming to stay at a place where anything so unpleasant as death had recently occurred; and was pleased to express his approbation at the 'good sense' which characterised the chief mourner in abstaining from all allusion to the topic. Sir Guy looked upon the great calamity as a careful housewife regards a spot upon her carpet or her curtains—something to be erased, if possible, at once and altogether; but, that failing, to be carefully kept out of sight, and never hinted at. And these precautions were taken at Glen Druid with respect to its deceased mistress. No allusion to the melancholy topic was ever made in his presence; he ate and drank of the best; he rose and retired when it suited him; the resources of the establishment were placed as much at his own disposal as though it had been his own. But after a time he began to get tired, as usual, with even so favourable a specimen of country life, and to pine for the pleasures of Piccadilly. This was excusable, or, at all events, natural in Sir Guy's case; they were the only pleasures, and, indeed, the only pursuits, that he had ever known; and though they were less vivid than they had used to be, in the absence of any other magnet they were still attractive. The course of a selfish voluptuary towards its close is—with the substitution of one sort of work for another—in many respects similar to that of an agricultural labourer. The latter, with feebler powers, has to toil on at precisely the same work to which he so vigorously applied himself in his youth; his trembling hands still wield the spade or the hoe, although the return for his labour has become so lamentably small; he knows no other thing to do. And so the ancient man of pleasure continues in his scarcely less narrow groove, enjoying less and less, but still doing his best to enjoy. Now, Sir Guy, although he disliked all mention of the fact, was secretly aware that old age was creeping upon him, and that he had not much time to waste in admiring, or pretending to admire, the picturesque in Cornwall. He had arrived at the epoch when every year brings with it a change that is felt in *loss*, and it was most important to utilise what faculties yet remained to him. It would be time enough, when every capacity for pleasure was exhausted, to lie and stare at the sky and the sea. But it was difficult to express these sentiments to another with the perspicuity with which they presented themselves to his own mind, or, indeed, to express them at all without incurring an imputation of egotism beyond what even he was prepared to bear. He proceeded, therefore, to attribute his resolution to depart to the importance of time to his daughter, and the necessity of her repairing with him to London for her own sake. Moreover, he was not without his suspicions of the part which she was playing in respect to their host, the widower, and he willingly seized the opportunity of discovering how far they were correct. Thereupon, one bright warm day in early spring, upon that terraced walk on which Gwendoline had informed him of the approaching death of their late hostess, Sir Guy and his daughter took a second conversation together, only the latter took care that it should be on this occasion without an eavesdropper.

'I have been thinking a good deal lately of our stay here, Gwendoline,' said Sir Guy a little clumsily—for she purposely offered him no chance of gliding imperceptibly on to this topic—'and, upon my life, I think it ought to come to an end.'

'Do you think we are outstaying our welcome, papa?' inquired she coldly. 'Don't you get the same wine that you liked so much at first?'

'My dear Gwendoline, what a vulgar notion! Of course everything is as it should be in that respect. To do Mr Ferrier justice, whatever money can buy—down here—he places at my disposal: his domestic expenditure, in fact, is princely; but I suppose his income fully justifies that,' and Sir Guy gave a sharp glance at his daughter.

'He has nearly thirty thousand pounds a year, papa; he told me so with his own lips.'

'Indeed! That is a large rent-roll, or rather, it is something better, for I fancy his fortune is invested in more valuable securities than fields and farms.'

'Yes; it is mostly in government stocks, and could be realised (if he wished to do so) to-morrow. Mr Ferrier has told me all about it.'

'So it seems, my dear,' said Sir Guy significantly. 'But, however rich our host may be, he is not a man to neglect his children. The channels which his wealth will flow in hereafter are already marked out; so that, in my opinion, Gwendoline, you are wasting valuable time by staying down here.'

'I think not, papa.' Her tone was quiet and distinct, and the gaze with which she met Sir Guy's impatient glance was as steady as her tone.

'But I tell you, you *are*,' urged he. 'It is not only that you are losing here all opportunity of securing a suitable position in life, but you are also in some sort compromising yourself. I hinted, you know, by letter, at the inadvisability of your being here so much after Mrs Ferrier's death; and even now, though I am with you, our making so long a stay at Glen Druid must needs certainly provoke remark.'

'I will take the risk of that, papa. Thanks to your frankness months ago, I thoroughly understand my own affairs; I have looked at the situation from all points, I assure you.'

'Do you mean to infer, Gwendoline, that the opportunities which a London season might afford are no longer of any consequence in your eyes—that you have made your plan in life altogether independent of them?'

'Just so, papa.'

He understood her at once; and upon the whole he was not displeased. Out of so large a fortune as Mr Ferrier's, there would doubtless be pickings for himself, as well as ample provision for his daughter; but yet so high was the opinion that he entertained—and justly—of the effect of Gwendoline's charms, that he could not help feeling that they might have been disposed of elsewhere to even still greater advantage.

'It is, as you say, your own affair, my dear Gwendoline,' mused Sir Guy—'quite your own affair. But, of course, I, as your father, cannot but feel a very deep interest in this matter; and it does strike me that your ambition is somewhat easily gratified; that you might have looked a little higher.'

She smiled, and raised her eyebrows a hair-breadth.

'There is nothing objectionable in Mr Ferrier,

it is true,' he continued; 'he is a gentleman, and knows how to behave himself. But are you sure, my dear Gwendoline, you are quite suited for the sort of humdrum life, which, as his wife, you must needs lead? Without the least offence to his excellent abilities—and they tell me he is a first-rate man of business—does it not occur to you that our admirable host is just a trifle dull? He will not get brighter, Gwendoline, as time goes on, remember that; and he is already, for a husband, an old man.'

'Yes, he is an old man,' said Gwendoline.

The phrase was a mere reiteration of her father's words, but it was uttered in a tone of great significance. No other word was added; and Sir Guy, on his part, did but nod his head, to let her know that he quite comprehended her meaning.

THE TRANSFER OF LAND.

NOTWITHSTANDING the very general antipathy to the interference of lawyers, there is one subject on which most who are successful in life, however peaceable may be their disposition, are necessitated to seek legal assistance; and though very many legislative attempts have been made so to simplify the matter as to make that assistance only optional, the consistent and resolute opposition of the profession has hitherto been so effectual, as to leave but little hope of the success of efforts of the kind. We allude to the transfer of landed property in England.

We propose to say a little in explanation of the proceedings which now make it essential that a lawyer should be employed when land or houses are bought and sold, premising, that in the remarks we may make we shall speak, by way of example, only of the most simple class of property—namely, freehold in fee-simple, or, in other words, landed estates of which the proprietor is the absolute owner, subject to no encumbrances.

And first, it should be noticed that every agreement relating to the sale of landed property must, in compliance with an act of Charles II.'s reign yet in force, be in writing, and signed by the owner of the property, or his agent, or it cannot be enforced. It is at this first step that many unacquainted with the law suffer a disadvantage, for the agreement to sell is generally prepared by the solicitor of the vendor; or, if the purchaser buys at an auction, he buys subject to conditions of sale framed on the vendor's behalf; the consequence being that the purchaser is frequently, by the terms of the one or the other, excluded from a full investigation of the title, or charged with some of the expense which should properly be payable by the other side.

The mode of procedure after an agreement is understood between the parties, is for the vendor's solicitor to prepare an abstract for delivery to the purchaser's solicitor of all the deeds and documents shewing the title to the premises, which, if not restricted by the agreement, should extend back for sixty years.

This abstract of title is by no means always necessary. In ordinary cases, the purchaser's solicitor could tell by a personal examination of the deeds, without the intervention of any abstract, whether the title was safe or not; and in more intricate matters, a very brief summary of the title would be sufficient; but the system of abstracts is

retained chiefly as a means of obtaining remuneration—for a solicitor can only charge for the work actually done by him, irrespective of the magnitude of the transaction—and partly as a precaution by the purchaser's solicitor to shew the means used by him in investigating the title, he being liable to his client for any defects in the title which may be afterwards discovered, and which may have escaped his notice. So, in cases where the circumstances of the client will admit of it, the opinion of a barrister is obtained upon the abstract, thus relieving the solicitor of his responsibility.

The vendor's solicitor is entitled to charge ten shillings for every sheet of the abstract which is actually drawn and copied by him; and the purchaser's solicitor receives 6s. 8d. for the perusal of every three sheets. After this perusal, it is customary for the purchaser's solicitor to compare the abstract with the original deeds in the vendor's possession. He then sends to the vendor's solicitor a list of his objections to the title, or his requirements in order to perfect it; to which formal replies are returned; and if the requisitions are just, their demands are complied with. The purchaser's solicitor then prepares a draft of the conveyance which is to vest the property in his client, and it is sent to the vendor's solicitor, who peruses it, and makes any alterations which he thinks necessary for the protection of his client's interests; and it is the practice for him to keep a careful copy of the draft shewing his alterations. The draft having been returned to the purchaser's solicitor, and the alterations made agreed to by him, is written out—or, as it is technically termed, engrossed, on parchment or paper; and both this engrossment and the draft are then forwarded to the vendor's solicitor, who compares them with each other, to see that no new matter has been introduced. The charges allowed to be made in respect of this draft and engrossment are, by the purchaser's solicitor, for drawing, one shilling for every folio of seventy-two words; for a copy, fourpence, and for engrossing, eightpence per folio; by the vendor's solicitor, for perusing, five shillings for every fifteen folios; for a copy, the same; and for examining the engrossment, 3s. 4d. for every fifteen folios.

All is now ready for settlement; but previously it is the duty of the purchaser's solicitor to institute a search at the Common Pleas Registry in London, to assure himself that no judgments, crown debts, or other preferential claims, have been entered up against the vendor; and the like searches are made in the records of the Courts of Bankruptcy and Insolvency; and in the local registers, if the property be situate in either of the counties of Middlesex or Yorkshire. If the result of these searches is satisfactory, the parties meet by appointment at the office of the vendor's solicitor; the vendor then signs the deed of conveyance, the purchase-money is paid, and the conveyance is handed over, with such of the abstracted title-deeds as it is agreed shall be given up.

After, and within two months of signature, the duty to government of one half per cent. on the purchase money is paid at Somerset House, and stamped on the deed; and if the property is situate in Middlesex or Yorkshire, the deed is registered subsequently, by leaving a short synopsis, called a memorial, at the proper registry office for enrolment.

The following will be some explanation of the

ordinary deed of conveyance, used in transactions of the sale and purchase of freeholds. It begins with the words, 'This indenture, made the — day of —' (inserting the date). The word indenture is used of a document under seal, distinguishing a deed to which there are several parties, from a deed-poll, which is operative as the act of one party only. Very ancient grants of land were made in this simple form: 'I' (the donor) 'have given to' (the donee) 'all my land' (shortly describing it), 'to hold to him and his heirs; witnesses' (setting out their names); and the donor and witnesses then impressed their seals on pieces of wax which were pendent from the parchment. This document was called a *deed*, in Latin *factum*, a thing done and completed; and it was known as a *deed-poll* from the fact that the top end of the parchment on which it was written was polled or shaven, that is, left quite even at the edge, without any indenting or irregularities. But grants were not always made as mere gifts; they were, in fact, very frequently made in consideration of money to be paid annually, or for some service to be rendered, so that virtually the grant was mutual, the donor bestowing the land, the donee securing the rent or service. The deed, therefore, was twice written at opposite ends of the same parchment, and was sealed by all parties at both ends. A word, or some flourish, was written in the centre of the parchment, between the two transcripts, and they were divided by a wavy line, which was cut across the parchment, right through the centre writing. Each deed was thus indented at the top, and it was thought that these indentures were a security against any alteration in either transcript, or the substitution of a fraudulent deed, as the one ought invariably to tally with the other at the point where the division had taken place.

Some memorial of this old practice of duplicate deeds on the same parchment was kept up in the indentures of fine, used within the recollection of all elderly practitioners now living. Our explanation will bring to mind Shakspeare's words in the graveyard scene in *Hamlet*, where the ironical Dane soliloquises about the possible disinterment of a lawyer's remains: 'Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures?'

Trifling as the matter may seem, it was yet a point of important legal doubt till the year 1846, when the matter was settled by act of parliament, whether a deed called an indenture would be valid and effectual if not cut in an irregular way at the top of the parchment previous to execution.

Deeds are not always dated on the day on which they are signed, and it is even immaterial if an impossible date, such as the 30th of February, the 31st of September, or the like should be inserted. Of course there is no legal hindrance to the execution or dating of a deed on a Sunday.

After the first paragraph, the deed proceeds with the names and descriptions of the parties, the rule as to their succession being, that the parties on the side of the grantor should have precedence, and that, on both sides, the parties should succeed each other according to the importance of their interest in the property dealt with. Following the names of the parties are clauses known as the recitals; they begin with the word 'Whereas,' and should set out the last purchase deed in which the title was warranted, and all subsequent transactions

relating to the property, by will, heirship, mortgage, or the like; and conclude with a recital, stating briefly the intention of the parties in joining in the deed, as, for instance, an agreement for sale and purchase, so that any obscurity at law which may inadvertently occur in framing the body of the deed, may be resolved according to the contemplated purpose; or, if an actual legal mistake be afterwards discovered, a court of equity may be guided in rectifying it.

Recitals are not necessary in any deed; and their retention is chiefly attributable to the present system of remuneration of solicitors according to the length of the documents actually prepared by them.

The 'testatum' clause follows the recitals. It begins with the words, 'Now this indenture witnesseth and expresses, that in consideration of the purchase-money, the vendor doth grant and convey unto the purchaser, and his heirs, the property which is the subject of the transaction, a description of which immediately follows, usually commencing with the words, 'All that' or 'All those.' Of this very important clause it is enough to say that 'grant' is the word most appropriate, and now most frequently used, to express the intended transfer of the property from vendor to purchaser. Till the commencement of the present reign, land was held at law to pass on a sale solely by actual delivery of the possession, or 'livery of seizin,' as it was called; and this actual formal delivery, with all its attendant difficulties and legal necessities, after the ancient custom, was only avoided by the elaborate system of using two deeds for the conveyance of land, one by which the property was leased to the purchaser, who was thus by a theory of law put into possession of the estate, though in reality no formal entry had taken place; and another by which the freehold in it was released or conveyed, and thus attached to the possession at law under the lease, making the transaction equivalent in its merits to the required formal delivery of seizin. The amended law removed all this cumbrous machinery, by the simple declaration that thenceforth 'all corporeal hereditaments' should 'lie in grant as well as in livery.'

The 'parcels,' or description of the property, are followed by what are called 'general words,' beginning with, 'Together with the appurtenances.' Most of the matter contained in these clauses is mere verbiage, and is extended, abbreviated, or omitted according to the intention of the draftsman as to the length of his deed.

The 'habendum' then follows. This clause, beginning, 'To have and to hold,' sets out the extent of the estate which is to vest in the purchaser, and the nature of his tenure or holding. The words used in 'limiting' the estate are generally, 'unto and to the use of the said (purchaser), his heirs and assigns for ever.' This clause sends the thoughtful student to the legislation of Henry VIII., nay, as far as that of Edward I., before he thoroughly comprehends its meaning. To content ourselves with a reference to the important word 'use.' It appeared in deeds in the middle ages. The monks avoided the statutes of Mortmain by obtaining conveyances of property given to them, to intermediate parties, to their own use (that is, to the use of the monkish community to be endowed); and the custom

was frequently followed in ordinary grants, by way of convenience, because, although the intermediate party had the estate at law, the Court of Chancery, or of the Lord Chancellor, forced him to hold it strictly for the benefit of the party having the *use*, and this *equitable* estate could be dealt with in many ways not allowed as to estates at law. To prevent this perversion of law, and to destroy the jurisdiction of the Court of Chancery, one of Henry VIII.'s parliaments declared, that from thenceforth, *possession* at law should follow the 'use;' thus, as was imagined, entirely destroying the effect of the previous system. This was the famous statute of Uses, the repeal of which was made one of the demands of the church supporters engaged in the rebellion known as the 'Pilgrimage of Grace.' The statute, however, did not continue an effectual resistance, for, though it was never repealed, the Court of Chancery regained its influence; and the previous advantageous, and more liberal system of dealing with property was confirmed by the fanciful decision at law, that there could be no use upon a use; that is to say, that if property were conveyed to one, to the use of another, to the use of a third party, the new statute would go no further than to vest the possession in the second party, leaving a use to be executed in Chancery, precisely the same as previously.

The word *use* is conveniently employed, however, at present with statutory effect in many complicated cases of settlement, and the like. In an ordinary conveyance, it is retained chiefly as the result of a very ancient rule of the Court of Chancery, that where the want of a valuable consideration (as purchase-money, marriage, or the like) appeared on the face of a grant of lands, the grantee would be decreed to hold merely as a trustee for the grantor, and for the grantor's own use. It is obvious that the introduction of the actual word *use* in favour of the grantee would prevent this construction. The word which creates a fee-simple, and the only one which will accomplish this purpose, is 'heirs'—the word 'assigns' simply shewing that the power of alienation, now conceded by the law of England, is contemplated in the grant, but it has no legal virtue.

It is to be remarked that in some ordinary conveyances at this point many succeeding uses are inserted, known as 'dower uses.' They are most ingeniously framed to prevent the widow of a purchaser who was married before January 1834 having her right to a third of the property during the remainder of her life, after her husband's death; a right which would otherwise attach to the property, and which could be removed only by expensive and complicated proceedings, in case it should be dealt with again during the husband's life. But the right to dower of wives married after that date is by statute now entirely under the control of the husband, and can be extinguished by his mere declaration; consequently, after the clause setting out the uses in a modern purchase deed, there generally follows a declaration by the purchaser excluding his widow from dower out of the property. This is the result chiefly of memories of the old laws as to dower, so troublesome to conveyancers; but it is cruelly unnecessary, as it simply operates in destruction of the wife's interest in the property, in case the husband dies without leaving a will, no appreciable benefit being gained.

Our deed now concludes with a succession of

covenants by the vendor, warranting the title from the last purchase deed, and agreeing to do what may be necessary farther to convey the property. On perusal, these will be found to be mostly repetitions in purport of each other, and it need only be said of them that they are always unnecessarily lengthy, and in some cases are absurdly extended.

A deed is executed by being signed, sealed, and delivered by the parties to it; but it is a matter of doubt, which has been sagely argued in our courts of law, whether it is necessary for the execution of a deed that it should be actually signed. Sealing was the ancient mode of validating a deed, having been in use long before writing became a common accomplishment; and consequently very great, and perhaps undue importance is paid to the matter of sealing, which confers much legal value on any document. It is accomplished now by adopting, in formal language, an ordinary seal at the foot of the deed. The delivery is effected by using the words, 'I deliver this as my act and deed;' and without this ceremony, the law concludes that the deed is retained by the party executing it, and the conveyance is incomplete. The execution of deeds is usually attested by witnesses, who sign a memorandum on the back of the deed, which now takes the place of the old certificate of witnesses, endorsed on deeds, shewing the actual delivery of possession; but such an attestation is in no way essential. A receipt for the purchase-money must also be endorsed on the deed, and duly signed; a requirement considered necessary to satisfy the demands of courts of equity, which look upon the words of receipt contained in the body of the deed as mere matter of form.

No stops whatever are used in a deed. This is to prevent the meaning expressed being tampered with by their alteration afterwards; and any alteration made in a deed, by any party whatever, after its execution, entirely invalidates the whole deed, though, of course, if the estate conveyed by it has actually vested, the ownership is not disturbed.

In conclusion, we may add, that the charges which a purchaser's solicitor is allowed by law to make, where the title is not a lengthy or complicated one, will amount to from ten pounds to fourteen pounds; while the costs on the vendor's side will probably reach the same amount.

By a provision which has been in operation now some years, a client can enforce the taxation of his solicitor's bill, relating to matters of conveyancing, by an officer of one of the superior courts of law. Bills relating to law or Chancery suits only were previously taxable.

A DESERVING REPRINT.

It may be that the present generation is more frivolous in its literary tastes than that which preceded it; the literary fare that was set before our fathers was certainly more solid, and perhaps even wholesome; but there is no doubt that we understand better how to make what we have to offer look attractive. The *carte* is well drawn up, the dishes are appetisingly named. The old articles of popular information, for instance, with their blunt titles—unsuggestive because they tell all—would not now secure readers. They would fly from 'A Few Words about Blacking,' or 'Notes of a Tour in the Tonga Islands.' These bald headings

were even resented in old times. A book now lies before us, just republished, which first appeared no less than three-and-thirty years ago; a volume full of wisdom, wit, and great political foresight, but which did but just see the light; it almost perished still-born, or rather it lived to be christened, and the title that was given to it proved its destruction. It was published without any author's name, and called *The Tin Trumpet*. Who could be expected to take up an unknown work of such small promise? If it was born now, and put out to nurse at Mudie's, would not the verdict of any man who read it on the book-list at his club, be fatal to its success? '*The Tin Trumpet?* Pooh, pooh. Blow that.' It neither provokes nor allays curiosity. And yet this little work was written by Horace Smith, and will outlast in attraction the *Rejected Addresses*.

The contents are merely philosophical or humorous definitions arranged in alphabetical order. The idea was not new (as we learn by the preface) even at the time of the book's first appearance; and we have seen it reproduced in the columns of *Punch* of late years; but nothing of the kind, either before or since, can be compared to it for Sagacity. It would have been a wise book, had it been written yesterday; but since it was compiled three-and-thirty years ago, it is a wonder. The breadth of its views respecting matters of politics and religion is especially remarkable, when we consider the period when they were first expressed; perhaps the extreme freedom of its opinions may account for its having been published anonymously; and yet, should the author come to life to-day, he would find his ideas in the mouths not only of the majority of intelligent men, but in those of the highest officers of the state. The author of *The Tin Trumpet* lived more than a quarter of a century before his time.

Here is 'a piece of his mind,' which was never more applicable to public writers and speakers than it is at present. '*Abuse*, Intemperate—excites our sympathies, not for the abuser, but the *abusee*, a fact which some of our virulent critics and political writers are very apt to forget. Like other poisons, when administered in too strong a dose, it is thrown off by the intended victim, and often relieves, where it was meant to destroy. If the wielder of the weapon be such an unskilful sportsman as to overcharge his piece, he must not be surprised if it explode, and wound no one but himself. Dirt wantonly cast only acts like fuller's earth, defiling for the moment, but purifying in the end; so that those who are the most bespattered come out the most immaculate.'

Under the head of *Advice*, we have the following as an explanation of Rochefoucauld's dictum, that there is something in the misfortunes of our friends not altogether displeasing to us. 'If an acquaintance pursue some unfortunate course, in spite of our dissuasions, we feel more gratified by the confirmation of our evil auguries, than hurt by the misfortunes of our friend; for that man must be a sturdy moralist who does not love his own judgment better than the interest of his neighbours.' With all deference to Mr Horace Smith, however, we fear that Rochefoucauld had another meaning, and a more correct one. His idea is, that we are secretly tickled at even a friend having failed to do as well as ourselves, just as we are secretly jealous when he does better.

'Ancestry.—

They who on length of ancestry enlarge,
Produce their debt instead of a discharge.

They search in the root of the tree for those fruits which the branches ought to produce, and too often resemble potatoes, of which the best part is under ground. Pedigree is the boast of those who have nothing else to vaunt. In what respect, after all, are they superior to the humblest of their neighbours? Every man's ancestors double at each remove in geometrical proportion, so that after only twenty generations, he has above a million of progenitors. A duke has no more; a dustman has no less.' Some lines are added which smack indeed of the true Horatian (Smith) flavour.

Heraldic honours on the base,

Do but degrade their wearers more,
As sweeps, whom May-day trappings grace,
Shew ten times blacker than before.

The murmurs that are now heard on every hand with respect to *Hereditary Distinction*—we are not discussing, of course, their reasonableness or the reverse—find an echo in the far-back thought of our author such as is both curious and significant; and it may be added that none have in the meantime learned to express themselves on the subject with greater force. 'Fame, titles, and wealth, the great incentives to patriotism, virtue, and exertion, have a signal moral effect on the whole nation when they are bestowed upon those who have merited them. Their example, thus rendered conspicuous to all, excites in all a noble emulation, the surest source of generous and lofty deeds. But when the distinctions thus honourably achieved are rendered hereditary, the whole process is reversed, and the result is often positively demoralising, both upon the inheritor and the spectators. Already possessing all the public rewards of merit, and feeling not the smallest motive for exertion, the hereditary nobleman naturally sinks into indolence, even if he do not abandon himself to dissolute courses.' Of course, we now hear such sentiments—although not half so well expressed—every hour of the day, or read them in our penny newspaper; but we are now perusing a thought expressed three-and-thirty years ago.

The remarks of our author are often levelled at abuses, or mistakes, prevalent enough in his own time, but which are unknown in ours; and these we are all ripe to accept.

Cat-o'-nine-tails.—'This remnant of a barbarous age must soon pass away, and if our flogging disciplinarians would pass away at the same time, we should all be gainers by their loss. The cat-o'-nine-tails must have as many lives as tails, or it never could have lasted so long.'

Under the head of *Gallows*, our author takes occasion to shew how inefficacious are excessive penal enactments—eight hundred human beings having been executed for forgery alone since the suspension of bank payments—and especially how much more cruel are the law-makers and the Law than the public opinion of the country. 'It is curious to observe how, in all cases, the good sense and humanity of the public outstrip those of judges and legislators, who, being generally both hardened and blinded by habit, neither feel for the criminal, nor see the iniquity of the law.' Now, what is this but a reiteration, in other words, of Mr Dickens's so much discussed phrase—uttered at an

interval of more than thirty years: 'I have no confidence in those who govern, but every possible belief in the people governed.'

The critics, we fear, have not much improved since the days of *The Tin Trumpet*, but authors may congratulate themselves that castigation, however merciless, can no longer affect their circulation—unless they deserve the lash.

Criticism.—As the devil can quote Scripture for his purpose, so can the practised critic, by severing passages from their context, and placing them in a ridiculous or distorting light, make the most praiseworthy work appear to condemn itself. A book thus unfairly treated may be compared to the laurel, of which there is honour in the leaves, but poison in the extract. Of much of our contemporary criticism, which consists rather in reviewing writers than writings, we may find a fair type in the following passage from a letter of the celebrated Waller: 'The old blind schoolmaster, John Milton, hath published a tedious poem on the fall of man; if its length be not considered as merit, it hath no other.' Pepys, in his Memoirs, thus speaks of *Hudibras*: 'When I came to read it, it is so silly an abuse of the Presbyter knight going to the wars, that I am ashamed of it; and by-and-by, meeting at Mr Townsend's at dinner, I sold it to Mr Battersby for eighteen-pence!' There are living critics who seem to have caught the mantle of these sapient judges.' To this may be well appended some remarks we find under the head of *Favourites*, which have a very direct bearing upon modern literary censors. 'The justice which we refuse to great men when living, and willingly concede to them after death, does not emanate from our love of their virtues, but from our hatred of those who have succeeded to their high offices. We are not less liberal of our praise when it can do no good, than of our abuse when it can annoy and injure. For an exemplification of this double injustice, we may refer to some of our critics. In proportion as they lowered an author beneath his fair standard while living, they will raise him above it after death, in order to make his survivors look little. Their generosity is all posthumous: they tear the laurels from your head to hang them on your tomb; they pick your pocket to pay you in post-obits; your winding-sheet is the only one with which they find no fault; they accelerate your death, and then do their best to make you live.'

A stupid accusation that we hear perpetually made against the present reading public is, that it delights in Sensation—that is, in novels with striking tragic incidents—as though that were a new sort of taste in human nature; the same peculiarity seems to have been remarked by this keen observer a generation and a half ago. 'By nature we are all more sensible of pain than pleasure, and can therefore sympathise more intensely with the former than the latter. All persons like strong sensations; and the novel-reading world in particular, little conversant with real miseries, fly for a relief from the monotony and stagnation of tranquil life, to the stimulus of fictitious distress. Their sympathy with imaginary happiness is too tame to deserve the name of an emotion.' How infinitely preferable is this manly and philosophic statement of fact to the puling regrets that we now hear so often concerning the popularity of fiction! We might as well bewail Human Nature itself.

With respect to Fiction generally, our author combats the view that its representations of imaginary woes tend to harden the heart to real ones. 'All our benevolent sympathies will be corroborated by exercise, even when not called forth by any real object, as the archer will strengthen his arm by the practice of shooting into the air, and the soldier by engaging in sham-fights learns how to conduct himself in real ones. To suppose that fictions weaken our susceptibility to facts, is to imagine that dreams will unfit us for waking realities, and that smoke is more tangible than solids. If the maintainer of this theory will request some kind friend to throw at his head the most pathetic volume ever written, it may safely be predicted that the shadow, if it misses him, will make a less sensible impression upon his feelings than the substance, if it hits him.'

The wit and wisdom of this book do not always take the form of philosophical definition, but are sometimes compressed and sharpened into epigram.

'*Celibacy*—A vow by which the priesthood, in some countries, swear to content themselves with the wives of other people.

'*Face*—The silent echo of the Heart.'

'*Ascetic*—One who seeks, in his cell, 'his own happiness with as much selfishness as the professed epicurean: the ascetic betakes himself to immediate, the epicurean to remote gratifications; one devotes himself to sensuality, the other to mortification; one to bodily, the other, perhaps, to intellectual pleasures; one to this world, the other to the next; but the principle of action is the same in both parties, and the ascetic is, perhaps, the most selfish calculator of the two, inasmuch as the reward he claims is infinitely greater and of longer endurance. He is usurious in his dealings with Heaven, and does not put out the smallest mortification except upon the most enormous interest. His very self-denial is selfish, for the odds are incalculably in favour of the man who wagers body against soul.'

'*Buffoon*—A professional fool, whereas a wag is an amateur fool.'

The following is an excellent comment upon a mistake that we see committed every day by folks who plume themselves (and often justly) upon their exceptional shrewdness.

'*Retirement from Business*—A mistake in those who have not an occupation to retire to as well as from. Such men are never so well or so happily employed as when they are following the avocation which use has made a second nature to them. The retired butcher in the neighbourhood of Whitby must have found idleness hard work, when he gave notice to his friends, that he should kill a lamb every Thursday, just by way of amusement.'

Perhaps the most remarkable thing in this volume, however, is the fairness and charity with which our author regards the social position of women, at a time when 'women's rights' were never heard of, and they were supposed to have no intellect at all. 'In England, the upper classes are generally so much occupied with public affairs, or with local and magisterial duties, to say nothing of the uncongenial sports of the field, that women are obliged to associate with frivolous dangles and idlers, to whose standard they necessarily lower their minds and their conversation. To appear a *blue-stocking*, subjects a female to certain ridicule with those coxcombs who adopt the silly notion of Lessing, "that a young lady who thinks is like a

man who rouges," and who maintain that she should address herself, not to the sense, but to the senses of her male companions. Politics have thus tended to effect a mental dissociation of the sexes, the jealousy of dunces to trivialise the conversational intercourse that still subsists, and women whose unchecked intellectual energies would be "dolphin-like, and shew themselves above the element they move in," are compelled to bow to this subjection, unless they have the courage to set up for blue-stockings—and old maids.' Our author has himself a high opinion of the female intellect, if it were only given a fair chance, and in conclusion gallantly grudges to the French the honour of the following just encomium: *Sans les femmes les deux extrêmes de la vie seraient sans secours, et le milieu sans plaisirs.*

Here is a humorous definition of Distress in Trade. 'Distress even when positive or superlative, is still only comparative. "Such is the pressure of the times in our town," said a Birmingham manufacturer to his agent in London, "that we have good workmen who will get up the inside of a watch for eighteen shillings."—"Pooh! that is nothing, compared to London," replied his friend—"we have boys here who will get up the inside of a chimney for sixpence!"'

As we may well imagine, our author is not one to conceal his opinions because they may happen to run counter to those of society at large; but the blow is audacious which he aims at what has been justly styled 'the most popular book in the world except the Bible.' He more than endorses Mr Dunlop's view (in his *History of Fiction*), that the hero of the *Pilgrim's Progress* is a mere negative character, without one good quality to recommend him. 'There is little or no display of charity, beneficence, or even benevolence, during the whole course of his pilgrimage. The sentiments of Christian are narrow and illiberal, and his struggles and exertions wholly selfish.' In illustration of the uniform results of fanaticism, however engendered, our author calls attention to the curious parallel between Christian's desertion of his wife and family, and the trait recorded in the life of that good Catholic, Francis Xavier, who, when leaving Europe for ever, passed by the abode of his aged mother, conceiving he did God good service by denying himself the consolation of a last farewell. The boldness, indeed, with which our author exposes the selfishness of many of our so-called religious practices and precepts, is not less remarkable than the eminently charitable and Christian spirit which animates the little volume throughout. He dislikes infidelity, and wars against it; but he refuses to accept the alliance of Bigotry.

Here are his two definitions of Dissent and Faith. Of the former, he says: 'When, upon honest conviction, a man rejects the faith in which he has been educated, he at least affords a proof that he has inquired into its truth, which is by no means the case with nine-tenths of the religious world, who take up their father's creed, like his name, as a mere matter of course. "He who has inquired, and come to a wrong conclusion," says the pious Locke, "is in a more gracious state, in the sight of Heaven, than he who is in the right faith, not having inquired at all!"' Of Faith he says: 'If all the innumerable false and forgotten faiths, and all the myriads of men who have contentedly died in

their belief, after having spent a long life in hating or persecuting those who disbelieved them, could be presented at once to our apprehension and sight, what a lowering impression would it give of human reason, and how forcibly would it inculcate humility as to our own opinions, and toleration towards the opinions of others! And this would be the genuine feeling of Christianity, for the Scriptures assure us, more than once, that the Lord "ordaineth his arrows against the persecutors." At the same time, our author is most careful not to affirm that we should be indifferent to the choice of our religion, and still less does he assert that creeds are all alike. He only maintains that, in the great majority of cases, little or no choice is allowed; as we are brought up, so we remain; so that humility and toleration should indeed be practised by us all. Among the many pregnant verses scattered through the volume, there are the following lines upon this subject:

Religion is the mind's complexion,
Governed by birth, not self-election,
And the great mass of us adore
Just as our fathers did before
Why should we, then, ourselves exalt
For what we casually inherit,
Or view, in others, as a fault,
What, in ourselves, we deem a merit?

Let us conclude our notice of this little book, which we are glad to assist in introducing to the public for the second time, with a wise extract, which concerns us all, on *Happiness*: 'As important disappointments do but rarely occur, and yet many men are unhappy during the greater part of their lives, it is evident that they must fret their spirit about trifles. The great secret of cheerfulness and content is not to be annoyed by petty thwartings, and not to aspire to unattainable objects. Children are always happy, because they are always pursuing trifles of easy acquisition.'

The Tin Trumpet, now published for the first time with its author's name, 'by permission of his family,' has been confidently ascribed to various writers, and in particular to Thackeray.

THE YOUNG SCULPTOR.

IN one of the poorest, narrowest streets of a beautiful foreign city, lived a woman and her little son, whom we will call Henri. The boy had no recollection of his father, who had cruelly deserted both his wife and child. Their only means of subsistence was what could be obtained by the woman's labour—such household work as could be obtained in the dwellings of the rich. Sometimes she had to walk long distances to and from her occupation, but no murmur ever escaped her lips, save one of regret that her little fair-haired boy had to be left alone in her absence, and that she could not earn money enough to send him to school. Nature, however, all unaided, was teaching him without the help of books or masters, and everywhere in Florence (the city of flowers) there was more than sufficient to excite the admiration, and satisfy the cravings, of this child of genius, whose inquiring eyes would always rest on whatever was beautiful, and such was to be met with in every nook and corner of the grand old place. The 'purple and transparent shadows' which flooded the whole city

at eventide, and lit up the gorgeous palaces and churches fair, made for him so many glowing pictures, on which his poetical imagination dwelt long after the first impression had passed away.

During his mother's absence, the greater part of his time was spent in what we should call grubbing in the street gutters, making odd-looking things of any soft material he could shape to the needed consistency, just as one sees children making sand-houses at the sea-side. These little juveniles generally set up, and then demolish *their* buildings; Henri did nothing of the sort. Every one of those little lumps was moulded into some form copied either from nature or art, for in that beautiful city every street is a museum. Projections, bosses, finials, all are specimens of real architectural beauty, of a peculiar and distinctive type. For a long time the young boy continued to fashion objects of this sort, until, by a kind of fresh inspiration, he aimed at representing the human form: the only difficulty seemed to be how to obtain the models from which to work.

At length, a happy thought occurred to him. He had no money, but he could easily reward the sitter by giving him his next meal, and to lose that was as nothing compared to the joy he felt at having some chance Arab who would answer his purpose, and who could be enticed by so small a guerdon to the artist's humble studio. In spite of his mother's remonstrances, Henri worked away early and late, every day becoming more passionately attached to his beloved art.

Years sped on without any public recognition of his talent, but his resolute, persevering nature would not allow him to be discouraged. It is true that he was poor, but then he was rich in hope, and sustained by the consciousness of that inward power which is the accompaniment of real genius. He never dreamed of envying others, but thought only of making himself perfect in what he determined should be the masterpiece of all his hitherto attempted studies; one which was now growing to ample proportions beneath his busy fingers.

At length, his task, or rather labour of love, being complete, he told his mother that he should ask permission to shew it at an exhibition of sculpture which was shortly to take place in his native city. He applied for permission; and his request was granted, on condition that the statue should be sent forthwith to the hall of inspection.

'That, gentlemen, is impossible,' replied Henri. 'I am very poor; and the apartment in which I live is so small that my work could only be removed by taking off the roof.'

The men looked at each other in amazement; but there was so much simplicity and honesty in the youth, that after conferring together for a few moments, they proposed to accompany him home, to see the marvellous production, to which Henri at present declined to give any name. They followed him up the narrow staircase to the little garret, and looked around in vain for the wonder they had come to behold. Henri saw their surprise, and without a word, threw back a baize curtain from the floor, and revealed to them the lay-figure, life size, of a murdered man. The gentlemen started back in amazement. So lovely, in death, were the lineaments of that exquisite face, so faultless in form, so wondrously expressive of purity and innocence, that they could not believe it the work of an untutored youth, entirely devoid

of art-education and of the laws of anatomy, which the most critical admitted were perfectly unassailable in the figure before them. No; they would not credit it, and avowed their belief that he had been implicated in some terrible crime, for which the victim had served as a model. It was in vain that the young sculptor protested, explained; they were inexorable, and declared he should be sent to prison, and there await the issue of the charge preferred against him. They further desired him at once to name the counsel for his defence. 'He shall appear, gentlemen, on the day of trial; I cannot give his name before.'

Amazed beyond measure at the calmness and self-possession displayed by Henri, they felt compelled to acquiesce. Either his youth, his beauty, or his earnestness—perhaps all three combined—made the judges so far mitigate their severity as to allow him the use of his tools, and the admission of visitors during his imprisonment.

It is needless to dwell on the disappointment to the youth at this terrible blow to his long-cherished desires—hardly less on his own account than on that of his good mother, whom he had hoped to place beyond the need of all further earthly wants. It will better please the reader to learn that he did not yield himself up to despair. His will was nerved to plan, his hand to execute, another statue equal if not superior to the one he had already achieved.

It will readily be imagined that the advent of such a trial as that now impending caused no small stir in the city. The hitherto obscure life of the young sculptor, and the stand he had made about his counsel, very considerably enhanced the anxiety and excitement of the public. Many, unable to restrain their impatience, visited him in prison—some, doubtless, impelled by curiosity, others moved by some higher motive. Among these were two distinguished-looking individuals, who chanced at that time to be sojourning in Florence. One was considerably past middle age; the other (said to be his nephew) was a young man, of remarkably handsome countenance and noble figure. No restriction seemed to be put either on the frequency or length of their visits; whilst to poor Henri, the time thus spent was as gold and sunshine in this otherwise dark phase of his career. Greatly to the astonishment of every one, his mother had removed to a handsome *loggia* in the best quarter of the city; her sadness of heart and countenance seemed to have vanished; and there was a gladness in her whole bearing, such as none who had known her had ever before seen. 'It is a great mystery, certainly,' said the gossips; 'how this change should have come about before her son's fate is decided!'

At length, the all-important day arrived. The judges (who had never seen the prisoner since the day of his arrest) being assembled in the great hall of the Assembly, desired the prisoner might be brought in. The prone figure was placed on the platform, concealed as before with the cloth of green baize; whilst at its side, but considerably raised, was another, also covered. The question was at once put as to what counsel he had employed.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I am my own counsel. You questioned my ability to give you a representation of "Death;" here is one of "Life." My

subject is, "The Murder of Abel by his Brother Cain."'

Both coverings were withdrawn. Profound stillness succeeded this declaration, followed by a burst of admiration such as had never before been heard in Florence in the nineteenth century. Foremost of his admirers were his former accusers. The news was instantly carried to the king, who commanded the statues to be bought, and placed in the Pitti Palace.

'It is not possible, gentlemen, for me to obey the command of my sovereign,' said Henri; 'the sculptures are no longer mine, having been purchased by the emperor of Russia. The money I have had for them has paid for my mother's present abode, and placed me for ever beyond the reach of want.'

The nephew of the Russian ambassador, Kisea-lieff, had served as a model for the arm of 'Cain;' and those to whom his features were familiar, at once recognised the handsome face.

The narrator of this circumstance has seen the statues at St Petersburg, in a building expressly erected for their reception. The sculptor's name was Dupré, since become one of world-wide celebrity.

* A plaster-cast of the latter may be seen at Sydenham.

ABSENCE.

THE April sunshine, soft and fair,
Touches the meadows cheerily;
Wild violets scent the warm still air;
But ever through the bright spring hours,
The sunshine and the opening flowers,
My spirit hungers to be fed,
And fairs for love's dear daily bread,
Yearning, beloved, for thee!

The day wears on, the evening lone
Comes up across the misty lea;
I watch the stars as one by one
They glimmer out; my eyes are wet;
My heart is filled with vague regret,
Haunting it like a sad refrain;
I cannot still this restless pain,
Thinking, beloved, of thee!

The twilight deepens; brooding sleep
Shadows the green earth tenderly;
The house lies hushed in slumber deep;
The peace of heaven seems strangely near;
I kneel beneath the moonbeams clear,
And soft upon my troubled breast
Comes down a blessed sense of rest,
Praying, beloved, for thee!

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